

"jokes" are rather old, having been told by monologists frequently in the past.

Concluding the program is the Animated Weekly, showing motion pictures of the world's principal news events, always a popular feature.

#### VERDI PROGRAM.

The Verdi program to be presented next Thursday night by the Hotel Utah Orchestra is in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the immortal Italian composer, which took place in Roncole, Italy, October 9th, 1813. The occasion is observed out of a profound respect for the great and popular composer's memory, and in response to the suggestion made by the musical editor of the Deseret News:

1. Grand Selection from "Il Trovatore" ..... Verdi
  2. Grand Selection from "La Traviata" ..... "
  3. Quartet from "Rigoletto" ..... "
  4. Grand Selection from "Aida" ..... "
- Members of the Hotel Utah Orchestra are:  
J. J. McClellan, Organist Mormon Tabernacle, Director; Morris Andrews, Violin, Assistant Director; Alfred Rordame, Viola; Willard Flashman, Flute; Oge Jorgensen, Cello; James P. Olsen, Bass; S. H. Williams, Piano.

#### THE PINCH HITTER.

A Baseball Story.

By J. A. Waldron, in the Magazine of Fun.

The sun was on its western way, and fans by thousands, grave and gay, the stands and field and bleachers filled, and at "Play ball!" the throng was stilled. The game was crucial, for the race between the clubs was for first place. Each nine's great "finger," in the box "had everything," worked like an ox, and every wife put into play—curve balls and swift and fadeaway.

Each batting order quickly passed—three up, three down—and no one "sassed" the umpires, for each batter felt that next time up he'd get a welt. What seemed to be a cracking hit would always find a fielders mitt. The players on both sides half spent, perspiring to their benches went as inning after inning sped, with neither an eyelash ahead.

And thus the game proceeded till the sun was hidden by a hill; a full twelve innings had been fought, the score remaining naught to naught. The visitors their thirteenth half had played, and once more got the laugh from fans whose frenzied cheers and kicks classed them among sheer lunatics.

The local manager was seen with a strange player near the screen. "A new pinch hitter!" was the cry, quick followed by some ribaldry. The first man up was not the worst; he bunted, sprinted and got first. The second batter banged away and hit into a double play! The fans despairing, uttering groans, shrieks, whistles, howls, laments and moans. The man who works the megaphone pronounced a speech in even tone and pinch-hit Billy came to bat. His name was Spiegelhausen-hat.

He was a stranger to all there—a stranger to the bleachers' glare—a stranger to the mighty thrall that hovers over big-league ball. Fresh from the bushes, green as grass, he seemed to lack what they called "class." Ungainly, with a freckled pate, he lumbered slowly to the plate. He legs would a piano bear, his shoulders massive were and square, and yet his aspect on the whole was that one deep in a hole. The pitcher eyed him with a grin, while he seemed rattled at the din.

"One ball!" the ump behind the plate, with gesture, cried. Fans were elate. "One strike!" the next declination came, and stands and bleachers were aflame. "Two strikes!" The crowd was in a fright, and frenzied rooters shrieked. "Good night!" The third ball pitched, at mighty rate, came fairly squarely o'er the plate—or, rather, it was coming pat. 'Twas met by Spiegelhausen-hat. It left his bat to beat the cars and seemed as though 'twas bound for Mars.

Home run? Why, it was often talked that this bush-leager might have walked half way across the continent before that ball its course had spent. Next day a thousand fans or more the doctors to asylums bore. All pitchers now, when he's at bat, just walk this Spiegelhausen-hat.

#### TAN BARK.

By Rev. Elliot White, A. M.

In a ramshackle, fire trap tenement of New York's East Side I visited a little boy ill with typhoid.

Grouping through the halls dark and grimy as coal-pockets, I passed a sinister door where "policy" gaming was reported to flourish.

Lurking for the pennies of the poor at their very thresholds, like a tarantula under green fruit stinging the first hand thrust into its den.

I found the child upstairs crimson as a peony with the fever, but uncomplaining except to speak of its throbbing headache.

He had pinned to the sofa above his head some celluloid buttons that he wore when well, bearing trivial mottoes that here somehow took on a pathetic dignity.

Outside, the rattle of wagons over the broken pavement, and the raucous street-cries, made the patient wince as though cut.

But ah, these were more like balm compared to the sudden inferno of clamor that now burst forth for his torture!

A woman's strident voice from the stairs near the door vented such profane scurrility on some one who had mocked her.

The very glass in the crippled transom seemed to chatter, and the sick boy stared with the amazement of the drowning.

Hastening out I confronted a tipsy harri-dan with dishonored gray locks straggling over her face, who clashed a beer-can against the banisters.

Like some horrible menadic accompaniment of cymbals to the witch-chant of her shrill blasphemy.

My appeals to her to have pity on the suffering boy but added fuel to the flame of her wrath, as I might have foreseen.

Were you thinking that the Russian revolutionists, have cause to be rebels against social conditions and those who prop them, but Americans have no cause?

Would your resentment at the needless woe of such a sick child, and of ten thousand others like him, have been appeased simply by his going to the haven of a hospital the next day?

Or would you have felt it shame to take the contrast as a matter of course, when in the elegant residence-district uptown you found tan-bark spread thick over the street.

And you knew that this meant that someone—another child perhaps—was ill in one of these houses, and must have the very pavement muffled for his comfort?

In imagination you could see the quiet, skillful nurses ministering to every whispered wish, and losing no opportunity to reduce the fever and fortify the cherished body with delicate and costly nourishment.

You do not grudge one benefit, or device for ease and healing, to the child of wealth, but you mightily vowed you would die on some invisible barricade of revolt.

Sooner than accept the smug plea that social inequalities such as involved what you saw the tenement child endure, are grounded in the constitution of God's world.

As I thought again and again of the red-dish-brown, pungent-smelling quilt laid over the rough granite bed of the street, and with such consideration for sensitive nerves.

I found it assuming the aspect of a symbol—suggesting all the expensive and clever contrivances that cushion the impact of distress on refined ears.

And hush the rasp of din and anguish



RYAN & LEE, Next Wednesday at the Empress

that cries from a hundred city slums for no more exorbitant boon than justice.

Yet even now like a new Heracles or Iphigenia, a man or woman here and there, rises from the couch of social in-crying, "I will bear and see the truth!"—and to the chagrin of companions to whom such quixotic venture seems sheer treason, He girds himself to twelve modern labors for his kin who had been beyond his pale, and she to a sacrifice or service, undeterred by the knife of ridicule, as dauntlessly as her Greek sister long ago.

#### LOVETT IS A LAWYER.

Robert Scott Lovett, chairman of the Union Pacific board of directors, and before the segregation plan became operative president of both Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, is a lawyer as well as a railroad chief, a fact which stood him in good stead, for only a lawyer and one of Supreme Court caliber could have straightened out the Pacific situation.

Judge Lovett, for he is still called "Judge," although he has never held a judicial position, but obtained the title from the fact that he was born in Texas where everybody is a judge, just as in Kentucky everybody is a colonel, found one solution of the puzzle, but the California Railway Commission upset it.

Judge Lovett was made chairman of the board of the Union Pacific Railroad Company on September 15, 1909, and chairman of the Southern Pacific next day. His association with Mr. Harriman began in 1901 when Mr. Harriman found the firm of Baker, Botts, Baker & Lovett acting as general attorneys for the Southern Pacific & Texas, which he had just acquired.

Mr. Harriman put Lovett through the third degree to find out what he knew about railroading in Texas, and found out

that he knew about all there was to know.

From that time Judge Lovett's credit with Mr. Harriman was established, and he was frequently called to New York by his chief until 1904 when he was summoned to the metropolis to remain permanently as general counsel for the whole Harriman system, and on Mr. Harriman's death he succeeded his chief as head of both the Harriman lines.

He is now in Europe enjoying a well-earned rest.

#### MOTHER AND SON.

Among the truly remarkable feats performed by the post office employees, in the way of deciphering addresses and discovering the persons to whom letters are addressed, the following incident, which took place in New York not long ago, is one of the most interesting. A letter was received at the general office addressed simply, "My Mother, New York, America."

The chirography was somewhat difficult, but even with this finally mastered and the deciphering of its Irish postmark, the fact that there was more than one mother in Manhattan with a son in Ireland made the postoffice people despair of ever discovering the rightful owner.

A day or two after the receipt of this mysterious missive a cheery-looking Irishwoman elbowed her way to the general inquiry window.

"Ye haven't a litter from me b'y, have ye?" she queried, eagerly.

As most of the employees on that floor had had a laugh over the address of the letter to "my mother," the thought of it returned to the mind of the inquiry clerk at mention of "me b'y." It was quite possible that such a questioner might be the mother of such a writer.

The home of the "b'y" was found to be the same as the postmark on the letter, and after a few more precautionary inquiries the missive was handed over to "my mother," on the condition that she open it on the spot and verify her claim. This was done and "my mother" was actually identified among the three million and a half recipients of mail-matter in the great city.